

The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

L. D. STARKE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING.

TERMS.

Single copy, one year, \$2.50
Five copies, one year, 11 00
Ten copies, one year, 20 00

RATE OF ADVERTISING.

For a square of 16 lines or less, first insertion
Annual subscription one, 25 cents.
Announcements made on favorable terms.

Office corner of Main and Road street.

POETRY.

For the Democratic Pioneer.
THE QUEEN OF THIEVES.

To Miss M. C. E.

Little siren fair and young,
With eye of blue; and winsome tongue;
Well versed in love's deceitful art,
Has stolen my fond and trusting heart.

She is this thief her only one,
Graceful neck she robb'd the swan;
Her sparkling eye, love's potent spell
Is puffed from the sweet gazelle.

The snow was robbed—it whitened now,
Crests the sweet rogue's noble brow;
The softness of the dewy eve
Is won by black locks, by stealth, receive.

She rose she robb'd,—the charge is true,
A kiss on her lips, you see its hue;
Pearl of beauty was bereft,
Her parted lips attest the theft.

Every feature boasts a grace
Divided from nature's brightest face,
And every thing of beauty sighs,
On the little Vandal's prize.

SIGNMA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

BY MARY L. MEANY.

It was on a bright, cold morning in winter, that Mrs. Gray commenced a task of visiting the entire circuit of her acquaintance, friendly calls, as well as business purposes. Mrs. Baldwin was her most particular friend, and on her she made the first call. The first pause in their conversation she announced her errand.

"I hope you are in a very charitable mood, to-day, for I have come begging?"

"Indeed! what is the object that has excited your sympathies?"

"There are two," was the reply, "but I first speak of the one in which I am particularly interested. As you are aware, church is encumbered with a heavy account of the repairs that were necessary some time ago; and my effort to liquidate it having proved successful, several ladies have proposed a Fancy Fair. Rev. Mr. B— mentioned the project, and I, as one of the originators thereof, have made out of those ladies from whose taste and ability I expect a good deal of assistance; and at the head of the list stands, Mrs. Dr. Baldwin."

"Mrs. Baldwin bowed in acknowledgement of the compliment, but expressed regret that her friend's choice had not fallen upon one else, so that she might have a more auspicious commencement."

"Oh, no excuse—no refusal, my dear," replied Mrs. Gray, playfully. "I assure you I will not take either, for I anticipated valuable aid from you for my ta-

"I am sorry then that I must disappoint expectations by acquainting you with this proposed Fair," was Mrs. Baldwin's reply. "You are not ignorant, I presume, of my views in regard to the foolishly incurred."

"Now, Mrs. Baldwin, hastily interposing, "you surely will not refuse us out of our difficulty merely because you think the improvements made unnecessary. You know our poor church was miserably plain—in fact, it is quite shabby. I, for one, felt ashamed to say that I belonged to it. But now, every one says, it is quite creditable to taste and zeal of the members."

"As she was about taking leave Mrs. Baldwin's two youngest children came down stairs with their nurse ready for their morning walk. Mrs. Gray waited until they had left the house, when she remarked,

"That is a nice looking girl you have in Jane's place. And by-the-way how is Jane? She ought to have recovered ere this, unless her injuries were very severe."

"They were," said Mrs. Baldwin, "and although she is now so much better that she thinks in a few weeks she can resume the charge of the children; the doctor's opinion she will not be able to go much about the house for some time. Her accident was a fearful one, we had little hopes at first that she could recover from her wounds."

"And you have kept her here all the time, having the trouble and expense of her illness—and I did hear the other day that you still pay her wages, although having another girl in her place. Is it so?"

"Most certainly. Poor Jane has been a faithful nurse to my little ones for several years, and I could not think of discon-

tinuing her wages, which are great use to her mother and three young sisters."

"Ah, well, there is no use in talking to you, I see; but I cannot help thinking what nice little ornaments you could buy for my table with the money you have spent on Jane," said Mrs. Gray, as she laughingly repeated her adieus and tripped away.

The winter passed on, quickly to the ladies interested in the projected Fair—slowly and sadly to many of the poor belonging to the congregation, who, as Mrs. Baldwin had anticipated, were but sparingly provided for. At Easter, the Fair was held, and was successful even beyond the hopes of its most sanguine advocates. A few days after it closed Mrs. Gray was again a visitor to Mrs. Baldwin, to whom she gave a glowing account of the Fair in general, and her own table in particular, which she had had the gratification of hearing pronounced the handsomest in the room. She was interrupted at length by the entrance of another visitor—person who of all her acquaintance she least desired to see. For years there had been a rivalry between Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Stuart, and as the former generally bore off the palm, the latter took revenge by contriving to make her rival uncomfortable when they chanced to meet by some disagreeable remarks. On this occasion there was a glimmer in her eyes as they fell upon Mrs. Gray, which she thought ominous; and she was about bringing her visit to a close when she was decided to remain by hearing Mrs. Stuart say that her stay would be very brief, as she was merely paying a few calls to particular friends after her return from Virginia, where she had been spending the last two months. Apparently forgetful of Mrs. Gray's presence she went on to detail the various pleasant incidents connected with her trip to the South, until startled by the striking of the clock she rose abruptly, declaring that she had overstepped the time to which she had limited herself. After warmly pressing her hostess to return the call as soon as possible she glanced at Mrs. Gray, and said, carelessly, "I presume I need not invite you, but perhaps you will descend to call at our house to see one of your Virginia relatives who is living with me."

Mrs. Gray colored, haughtily saying, there must be a mistake.

"Not all," replied Mrs. Stuart, with an air of triumph. "There is no mistake, I assure you, Mrs. Gray, for one of my friends there, Mrs. George Hargrave, was with your cousin when she died, and took charge of her four children, the eldest of whom she obtained a place for, the next in age I brought with me to take care of my little Emma, and the two youngest are still at Mrs. Hargrave's, as there is no orphan asylum in the town, and she does not wish them to suffer." She was very kind to their mother while she was sick, and from all I heard she stood in great need of charity, for she was entirely destitute. I should not have known that she was related to you, but Mrs. Hargrave found, among the few things she left, a letter from you, which it appeared was written on the receipt of one from her begging some assistance, which you were unable, the letter stated, to give. If you would like to do anything for the two little boys, you can write to Mrs. Hargrave, as they are a great charge upon her. She was glad that I took Sally, who, by the way, is the image of your Kate—rather indolent and self-willed, too; but as I have had her bond will be worth while to take some trouble with her, and I expect I will be able to make her useful."

Toor Mrs. Gray! The color came and went painfully during this harangue, and she could not trust herself to reply to her tormentor; but when alone with Mrs. Baldwin she gave full vent to her indignation, while that lady, who commiserated her mortified feelings, strove to soothe her irritation, though she could not forbear gaily hinting how much more real benevolence would have been shown in relieving the distressed family than in helping to liquidate the church debt. Mrs. Gray did not controvert this suggestion. During her walk home, she recalled that the mournful appeal to her, penned by the dying woman, which she had disregarded in her vain desire to have a prominent part in "public charities." Her memory went back to the period of girlhood, when her deceased cousin had been her favorite companion—she recalled, with an emotion of shame, the neglect with which she had treated that cousin, after her husband had become dissipated—how she had striven to banish the recollection of her poor relation—she thought over it all, now, and while remorse filled with her anger against Mrs. Stuart, she almost determined to extend that relief to the two orphaned boys which she had cruelly withheld from their unhappy mother.

This resolution, however, was never put into practice; for, many articles remaining on hand after the Fair, it was decided to add as much as possible to the number and hold a sale at the ensuing Christmas.—Mrs. Gray, of course, must be one of the leading spirits in this undertaking, and in the laudable zeal with which she entered upon it, her charitable intentions toward her orphan cousins were soon forgotten.

A New Dodge.—We copy the following from the Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser:

"On credible information we are allowed to state that liquor has been sold of late in the suburbs of Edgefield village in the shape of eggs. The dealer, it appears had saved a number of egg shells nearly whole, being only slightly punctured to let out the original contents. Through the same aperture whiskey was introduced and the egg then reclosed, how we are unable to state. Thus renewed in spirit, the eggs went freely at a dollar per dozen."

Gross inhumanity—compelling an actor, who has died a "violent death," to appear before an audience two minutes later, and return thanks for witnessing his death struggle.

LIEUTENANT MADAME BRULON, THE FRENCH HEROINE.

AN EXAMPLE FOR THE "STRONG-MINDED."

Angelique Marie Joseph Duchesne was born in 1772, from that hot-bed of heroes which four years before had produced the immortal trio, Napoleon, Wellington, Chevau-braniard.

The father of this heroine served thirty-six consecutive years in the 42d Regiment, now the 57th of the line. He was married at the Havre; Angelique was born in garrison at Dinan, in the North of France. The soldier's bivouac was her only youth.

At the age of eighteen she was a wife, at eighteen a mother, at twenty a widow. Her husband, the brave Brulon, fell at Ajaccio in Corsica.

"Three days after I learned his fate," says Angelique, "while speaking of the effect the dreadful news had upon her, 'I took the uniform of his regiment, and demanded permission to avenge his death. Two brothers had fallen in active service; our father had died on the field of battle—my heart, head, and hand burned to destruction to the rebel Corsicans, and my testimonials tell how well I fulfilled my vows.'

Thus, at the youthful age of twenty we find her upon the most exciting stage which the world has ever known. Louis XVI was beheaded, and France a Republic. Angelique was a wife, a mother, a widow, a citizen, a soldier in the war of liberty. She served seven years in the various capacities of private, corporal, corporal-fournier, and sergeant-major. At the age of twenty-seven, in the year 1799, she was admitted to the hotel des Invalides, being the only female soldier ever permitted to receive its support.

The hotel des Invalides embraces what would compose almost a populous township. Five thousand officers and soldiers can find there a quiet retreat, where their wounds may be healed, and their declining years solaced by their country's care.

You can estimate the probable average of men complete which these fragmentary veterans may equal. You see various veterans in movement as if in natural gravitation toward their fellows, like the bits of the fabled chopped-up monster, seeking their original unity. Here is an eye; there an ear; there a lone forefinger; there an arm without a mate; there a body waiting for its legs; but, curious to remark, every fellow has somehow saved his head, and seems to prize it for the facilities it affords for smoking.

Every stranger visits the marvellous kitchens of the establishments, and makes his exclamations at its daily statistics—4,000 pounds of meat, 20 bushels of carrots, ditto onions, ditto potatoes, 5,000 eggs, &c. Every body sees the bullet that killed Turenne, and some have courage to mount to the garrets to see the plans of the fortified towns of Europe.—Those who do not forget it, visit the tomb of Napoleon. These are the catalogues of sights of the Invalides.

Lieutenant Madame Brulon was admitted into the hotel not because she was a woman, a widow, a mother, but by her rank and merit as a wounded soldier.—There she received her support, and the small pay allowed to non-commissioned officers, and in addition to this, for some time, a salary of £20 a year as clerk in the magazine of clothing. At the age of thirty-five she became the chief of this department, with a salary of £120 per annum. By her economy she was enabled to establish her daughter, and more recently to aid her grand-children and great-grand-children; and last Sunday, when we went to see her, she offered us bonbons, received after the christening of a still later generation.

Every champion of the favorite doctrine of the rights of woman will find in her a column of support—a pedestal on which rest his principles.

At the siege of Calvi, Madame Brulon distinguished herself signalily. For eleven months had they been blockaded, seventy-five days bombarded, but she brought relief to the garrison of Geseo; and the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast is the badge of her country's acknowledgment of her heroic action. The following are the testimonials of her comrades:

We, the undersigned, corporals and soldiers of the detachment of the 42d Regiment in garrison at Calvi, certify and attest that the 5th Prairial the year 11 (1794), the citoyenne Angelique Marie Joseph Duchesne, widow Brulon, corporal-fournier, performing the functions of sergeant, commanded us in the action at the fort of Geseo; that she fought with us with the courage of a heroine; that in an assault we were obliged to fight hand to hand; that she received a sabre cut in the right arm, and a moment after another from a style in the left; that finding we failed of ammunition, though severely wounded, she set out at midnight for Calvi, a mile and a half distant, where, by the courage and zeal of a true republican, she rescued and charged with ammunition sixty women, whom she led to us, escorted by four men, which enabled us to repulse the enemy and to preserve the fort; and that in fine, we have only to congratulate ourselves upon our commander.

In speaking of her wounds and dangers, Madame Brulon adds, whilst relating with kindling eye, the horrors of the siege and the straits to which she was put:

"I did not mind my wounds in each arm, nor did I fear the dark, but set out alone at midnight, evaded the guards, roused sixty starving women, and led them to the fort, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning. We gave the women each half a pound of rice, which we all considered an excellent bargain."

Still later, at the siege of Calvi, all the cannoneers having been killed, the non-commissioned officers were called upon to defend their places; it was thus, while defending a bastion, in aiming a sixteen-pounder, that she was wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a bomb.

This last wound disabled her for service

and entitled her to a place in the Hotel des Invalides.

October 22, 1822, upon the proposition of General de Latour Manabout, Governor of the Invalides, she received the grade of 2d Lieutenant, in these terms:

"Madame Brulon, military invalid, having held the rank of Sergeant before her entrance to the Hotel, has obtained from the bounties of the King (Louis XVIII) the honorable rank of 2d Lieutenant, and will be thus recognized hereafter on parade. The Governor hastens to make known, by means of this order, this new favor of his majesty, accorded to one who has rendered herself so worthy of it by her excellent principles, her good sentiments, and the high consideration which she enjoys at the Hotel."

During the reign of the first Napoleon she was recommended by the Governor of the Invalides as "one having rendered herself worthy, by qualities considered above her sex, to participate in the recompense created for the brave." But the honor of decorating this remarkable woman was reserved for Napoleon, President of the Republic. Madame Brulon lives now not only the unique military invalid, but the unique female member of the Society of the French Legion of Honor. Her nomination was announced in the *Moniteur* of the 19th August, 1851, at the head of a long list of others, without any allusion to her sex:

"Cavalier—Brulon—(Angelique Marie Joseph,) Second Lieut.—seven campaigns—three wounds—several times distinguished, particularly at Corsica, in defending a fort, 5th Prairial—year 11 (1794.)"

Madame Brulon, though eighty-three years of age, retains all the vivacity of youthful expression, and assured us she felt no female missing; but she lamented her inability to guide well her feet, the right leg having become more refractory than the wounded one.

She wears the uniform of the Invalides, and since her first adoption of military dress has never left it but once, and that for a moment's amusement to her grandchildren, when she assumed female attire. But the children instead of being amused burst into tears, and begged their grandmother to go back again to her soldier's clothes.

There are several portraits of her taken at different ages.

Her hair, once raven, is now white as snow, except some late new-comers, which have assumed their youthful hue. Her voice has the tone and vigor of a commander's. Her eye is like the eagle's. Her hand is feminine, which she gestures with masculine energy. Her attitudes, salutations, styles of expression, all combine to make you believe she is really what she seems. Her testimonials prove her to have been always a woman of the severest principles, the purest manners, and the most unsullied reputation. Her reply to trifling familiarity was, "I am a woman, but I command men."

She was adored as the divinity of her regiment, and cherished as the palladium of its safety.

Her virtues and her valor stand undimmed beside those of the Maid of Orleans. Long live Madame Brulon!

SUCCESS."

Across the street is Aladdin's house; he is a Yankee boy, and that, you know, is the type of success. He began by bartering jack-knives, and getting the best; he gathered and sold blackberries, and greased the bottom of the measure so as to carry a little capital to the next transaction. He learned at school to practice addition for himself and subtraction for his neighbors. The whole world became for him a large market in which to buy cheap and sell dear; for him there was no beauty, no poetry, no fine sentiments; life is a riddle, a tragedy.

Every champion of the favorite doctrine of the rights of woman will find in her a column of support—a pedestal on which rest his principles.

At the siege of Calvi, Madame Brulon distinguished herself signalily. For eleven months had they been blockaded, seventy-five days bombarded, but she brought relief to the garrison of Geseo; and the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast is the badge of her country's acknowledgment of her heroic action.

Every champion of the favorite doctrine of the rights of woman will find in her a column of support—a pedestal on which rest his principles.

At the siege of Calvi, all the cannoneers having been killed, the non-commissioned officers were called upon to defend their places; it was thus, while defending a bastion, in aiming a sixteen-pounder, that she was wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a bomb.

Still later, at the siege of Calvi, all the cannoneers having been killed, the non-commissioned officers were called upon to defend their places; it was thus, while defending a bastion, in aiming a sixteen-pounder, that she was wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a bomb.

This last wound disabled her for service

and entitled her to a place in the Hotel des Invalides.

How seemingly hard the fate, that I who always loved green fields, and forest should be destined to pass my life within the limits of a city, where nought but visions of gloomy walls, and dusty pavements meet the eye.

Oh! for one more ramble through some boundless forest, with no companions.

see the murmuring trees, and the wild flowers that blossom on the margin of the gurgling stream that rippled so musical

over the craggy rocks, and silent and unseen glides away among mossy stones, and drooping willows.

Oh! to sit on the green grass, beneath the boughs of some pyramidal oak, and weave bright green leaves, and flowering moss, into glowing wreaths

The establishment in our midst of a league of the so-called "Know Nothings," I am glad to observe, has elicited some discussion in relation to the objects and utility of that order. This is right; the press and *cause* in such matters should be suggested and made public at the very outset; it will not answer to wait until it shall become an "institution," a fixed fact, and when, if it be an evil, it will be too late to provide a remedy.

No reflecting man will deny, that in a government where freedom of speech and opinion exist, on constitutional rights, the necessity of secret political organization may be sharply questioned. In monarchical governments the members of such would be called conspirators or revolutionists, because the only object could be to obtain, under secret concert of action and opinion, privileges and immunities not sanctioned by their laws, and where the open avowal of the object would subject the citizen to censure or punishment; here all is conceded that a rational being would ask, and if more were needed it is the high privilege, the imperative duty of the American freemen to thunder it in the ears of their rulers, and not in a trembling whisper to a midnight conclave.

It is the boast of the order that they elect men to office, who either were not candidates or whose chances of success would have been hopeless, but for their assistance. Nothing could more clearly evidence its Anti-American tendencies; it is but boasting that they defeat the expressed will of the people; candidates are nominated in open convention by the delegates duly authorized to do so. It is presumed that these nominations are made with reference to some special fitness in the nominee, or to some particular interest to be subserved. By a concentration of Know Nothing votes, the reasonable expectations of the people are frustrated. It may be urged that the ballot-box constitutes the clearest index to the popular will, but here it is not so. The votes of secret factions are based upon carrying out an object foreign to the general good, only to themselves, and in which they alone were interested. In this way, office-seekers are taught to curb the inclination, to rely upon partisanship and well-doing to obtain the confidence of voters and are compelled to a mean subserviency to the dictates of unknown and irresponsible power. Its ends, in short, are sought to be accomplished, not by the enlightenment of the people, but by removing, as far as possible from them, the machinery by which they are governed.

It concentrates power in the hands of the few, for while numerically they may be inferior, yet all know the effect of a body of men, though few in number, well disciplined and armed, upon a superior force, dismembered and without concert of action. The Jacobin clubs of Paris, secret, political organizations, consisting of a few thousand, controlled the destinies of thirty millions of Frenchmen. Having once tasted the sweets of domination, their deliberations ceased to turn upon the welfare of the country, and they became a mere assembly of butchers; they feasted on human blood during the day, and at night spattered the gawking of their woful appetites in the anticipation of to-morrow's slaughter; domestic privacy was invaded, the son betrayed to the guillotine, the father, and the husband the wife, there is no reason why, in its natural extension, a secret political association should not apply to private and domestic relations, to character and reputation, the same principles applied to politics, to birth, or to religion.

As a secret religious association, an illustration may be found in the inquisition, which for ages controlled the Catholic nations of Europe, until Napoleon, the true visegregant for the time, of God on earth, shattered with his armed legions the blooming manhood with which it had festered mankind. It is not pretended that the object in the advancement particularly of the Protestant faith, but stern opposition to the Catholic. I am protestant in my religious belief, and certainly would eschew with as much zeal as any the predominance of Catholics in this country, and whenever they shall arrogate to themselves an undue assumption of power or privilege, shall be ready to prevent it, by the strong hand. The Constitution guarantees to them, as to all other denominations, the "free exercise" of their faith, and it is known, in the South at least, that they have not in any way transcended the constitutional rights. With us they are too insignificant in point of numbers to excite fear, and there is something unusually in oppressing by secret combinations, those who should be assailed only with the weapons of reason and truth. We are indebted for this peculiar mode of opposition to the Catholics to the New Englanders, a people who in their early settlement here, fled it from the persecution in the Old World to enjoy religious freedom in this. They evinced their appreciation of religious freedom by banishing Roger Williams, for saying that "Civil Magistrate should restrain crime, but never violate the freedom of the soul." They banished Anne Hutchinson and Wheeler, they fined and whipped Clark and Homes, Baptist preachers, for denouncing the tenets of their faith. They passed a law banishing the Quakers on pain of death, and actually hung several under this enactment. Within easy distances of where these abominations were perpetrated, flourished a Catholic colony, built up under the auspices of Sir George Calvert, himself a devotee of that faith. To these people is due the honor of being the first, in the history of the world, to proclaim entire religious toleration, and to grant the enjoyment of perfect religious freedom to all sects, creeds and denominations.— Bancroft, the distinguished American historian, uses this language: "Calvert deserves to be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice, and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization, by recognizing the spiritual equality of all Christian sects. The religion of Pagans was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers, which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild performance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the State."

Let us hope that without the aid of secret political societies, from the *debris* left by the conflict of factions, we may find sound material sufficient to build up a party resolute to stem the torrent of fanaticism which threatens to overwhelm us—to preserve in the Constitution and maintain invincible the Union of these States, cemented by the blood of the patriots who have gone before us.

These secret organizations, political or religious, are not indigenous to our soil; they are transplanted from a colder climate; they belong to the order of fungi and excrements, with which the people of the North disgrace human nature and dishonor their Creator. They do not suit the genius of our people. We should be as we have been, generous to the needy and oppressed of other lands, and as well, as we have always done, our enemies, with open front and in the light of day, and not with the weapon of the assassin and murderer cover of night.

NATIVE WHIG.

Democratic Pioneer.



TUESDAY MORNING, March 6, 1855.

Mr. Edwin Brace, Esq., has been appointed Postmaster at Hertford, N. C., vice James S. Ball, resigned.

PETERSON'S LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—"Although received some two weeks since, by some means or other we neglected to make the usual acknowledgment. Peterson is not only a punctual, but always a most welcome visitor to our salutum. We have drawn upon his columns for a very neat and pointed little story which we publish upon the first page of our paper to-day. The price of this excellent periodical is \$2, in advance, and Clubs can procure it at the following low rates: Three copies for one year, \$5; Five copies for one year, \$7.50; Eight copies for one year \$10.

Address Charles J. Peterson, No. 102, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE CAROLINA CULTIVATOR.—This is the name of a new Agricultural monthly publication, edited and published by William D. Cooke, Raleigh, N. C. We wish the enterprise success with all our heart, and shall be delighted to hear that the Cultivator has met with the warm approval and material aid of the planters of the State. We subjoin the terms of subscription: 1 copy in advance, \$1.00; 6 copies \$5.00; 10 copies \$8.00; 13 copies \$10.; 20 copies \$15.00.

Subscriptions may begin with any number; but when not otherwise directed, the back numbers of the current volume will be sent.

GENERAL.

Our neighbor of the Sentinel desires us to cease our defense of papists and foreigners and "stand up with (us) him in defense of the liberties of America." Now, Mr. Sentinel this is generous—very. We have always thought too much of our good old platform to think of sliding off so easily, and if you have found no difficulty in giving up your former political opinions for a one idea creed, do not think Democrats can do the same thing. We are Democrats because we think and believe the doctrines of our party to be the only true American party, and the only sure defense of the "liberties of America." Our forefathers, in adopting the Constitution, gave it to us as the chart to guide us, and as we find therein the rock of intolerance and persecution laid down to be avoided, we must be excused from joining you in steering directly upon it. "Bolder men may venture more," but we will keep in the old track.

Mr. Edwin Brace, the same disposition to call the democratic party ugly names, will sometimes show itself in the galvanized Whig Know Nothing journals, that was manifest before the conversion and baptism occurred—"leco-catholic" in the Sentinel of Saturday. Ah! neighbor be careful, or you will spoil the game.

Our neighbor of the dark lantern tandem over the way, is down upon us in his last issue "like a thousand of brick." To speak classically, (the Sentinel will correct us if we violate the rules) he lays it on with a vim. We have no appetite for such sharp shooting, and without another word we say "nuff," as the boys say when the scratching and gouging commences.

But we can but admire the spirit displayed in the threat to "treat us as the advocates of foreign influence and papal power," if we don't stop abusing the Know Nothings. Now this would indeed be terrible, and we tremble at the bare thought of our valiant neighbor taking vengeance upon us for daring to speak our sentiments freely, by "treating us as the advocate of foreign influence and papal power." After consuming the vast undertaking of proscribing from office and religious worship all the foreigners and Catholics (about six all told) in this District, we are threatened with a discharge from its batteries, and of consequence utter annihilation.

Most cruel and tyrannical Sentinel! Exercise towards us, we beseech you, that heavenly forbearance and mercy so aptly and beautifully inculcated by the Saviour of mankind, and don't for His sake, "treat us so unfeeling!" Think of it. We are one of you and among you—always lived in the rural Districts of America, and expect to be buried on this side of the ocean—we want our very winding sheet to be made of Kentucky jeans, striped with red, white and blue, bedecked with genuine Amer'can paint—we haven't got the slightest notion in the world of expatriating ourselves from this great and glorious country. Farther, we are no Catholic—not a bit of it—good old Protestant stock every inch of us! This is our pedigree to a fraction. Now after this candid avowal of our nativity, affinities and prejudices, won't you recollect that horrible threat to "treat us as the advocates of foreign influence and papal power?" To recur again to the classics, "We yours for a reply."

Meantime allow us, by way of conciliation, to dedicate the following lines to

you and recommend them as most appropriate to be sung at the opening of your next Council. They were composed by a native American upon seeing an Eagle, the proud emblem of his country's prowess and greatness, caged up by a heartless foreigner:

A NODE.

To the Gray Egil at Oskar Shanghi's.

You great and glorious burd, to thee I sing!

I hate to see them kept up in a pen Made of pine stix, and with a label On the buzzon. Great burd, which tells of them keched in a trap set by Some furrier, who wasn't a No Nothing, And keoped up by some emigrant As I said before.

If a had known i was a Namevian woodn't hav' hit my thum, Great emblem of mi country, I regret it is beyond my power To set u to thou, burd:

But when I think of grate Washington, And also Napoleon thurd, who Made one of his tame Egils lie on his Bed, I comprehend thy Grateness, myt burd!

Grate Specimen! I hope u wont be mad If i allude to us association with Barnum's sho, consisting of Hens and Roosters, which had the effe to degrade U, o, Egil!

Egil, u are one of Em, and i Hope you will se that Oskar sols No her on Sabbath daze; but Being keoped up u cant Be expected to se, o! Egil.

Mastick Foul!

As the felow citizen i gaze

On u with pride, and only wish

My meos would allow me to lust

Your pine kage open and let u

Sore up in the arc.

THE Richmond Whig and the North Carolina Native Sentinel.

The Richmond Whig is the uncompromising foe of the Democracy, and in its zeal to overwhelm that party with defeat in the ensuing election for State officers in the Old Dominion, it has thrown itself bodily into the camp of Know-Nothings, and is constantly engaged in discharging its dirty work to that unpatriotic and unmanly organization, by straining appeals to the religious prejudices of the people, and circulating cock and bull stories about the fearful consequences to our peace and happiness by the immense flood of immigration that continues to pour upon our shores.

To effect its purpose it labors diligently to show that the Know-Nothing is a *national movement*, and that as an organization it eschews the slavery agitation.

It is not blind to the fact that through the instrumentality of this new party, the vilest abolitionists in the land have been honored with places of high trust; but it affects to believe that this is the result of imposition upon the Order. Still, with all its sophistry and lame apologies for the action of the New York and Massachusetts Know-Nothings, in electing Wm. H. Seward and Henry Wilson to the United States Senate, it has not had the hardihood to hold up these men as worthy the confidence and endorsement of the South. We can but contrast the language of the Whig, in speaking of the arch demagogue and agitator Wilson, with that of the Native Sentinel, and ask if the people of this District and State have not more to fear from the influence of such a journal, than from all the Catholics and Foreigners in the South, if its sentiments were adopted by the Whig party of the South. In its first issue the Sentinel, in referring to the letter of Wilson to Mr. Ellis, and which we published in our last, says:

"We publish, in another column, the letter of Mr. Senator Wilson, to the Editor of the American Organ. In view of the fact that the American party in Massachusetts is accused of identity with the Abolitionists, this letter comes opportunity to repeat. If those who have been so long in pronouncing this charge, are actuated by proper and honest motives, they will give this letter of Mr. Wilson in their columns, that the truth may have a wide circulation as the error into which they had fallen."

This is the language of a Southern Know-Nothing journal, appealing to the Democratic press to "give this letter of Mr. Wilson a place in their columns, that the truth may have as wide a circulation as the error into which they had fallen." What that letter was, our readers have had opportunity of judging for themselves. We pronounce it one of the most unmitigated Free Soil productions that fanaticism could have given birth to. Here is what the Whig says of this same Mr. Wilson, with whom the Sentinel has fallen so much in love, and calls upon Democratic journals to be heard through their columns. We quote from the "Spirit of the Press" column of the Richmond Dispatch of the 28th of February:

"The U. S. Senate reviews the discussion in the U. S. Senate on Friday last, in which Seward, Sumner, Wade, Fessenden, Gillette, and Wilson, the abolition fire-drakes of that body, took occasion to make manifest their disunionist purposes and their hatred of the South. The writer compliments, in the highest terms, the patriotism and valor exhibited by Senator Douglass, who throughout the whole of the Nebraska controversy, has had the manliness to rebuke Wade and his confederates to their faces, and tell the cowardly traitors their opinion of them and their motives. During the entire discussion it was observed that the Whigs had not even attempted to interfere with the Constitution, laws or institutions of the country. Have they been found resisting the authorities in the execution of their duty, and purposing the officers of the law? What new light we ask, has burst upon the country revealing the dark designs, secret

conspiracies and diabolical machinations of a secret and foreigner, that their destruction should become the one great idea of a secret and extensive combination? Does any one in his sober senses believe that this sudden conversion is the result of a threatened danger to the Union? No such thing; it is but another trick of the old federal party, the death throes of the gasping whig organization, that, like a dying man, has gathered his strength for a last convulsive effort ere he gives up the struggle forever. Every fact connected with the birth, growth and development of this mischievous baiting proves this, and the foolish and unmeaning cry of danger from foreigners is but a scheme to rebuild the defunct Whig party, and to resuscitate, under a new name, what has been

considered as worthless under an old name.

We have regard to this man Wilson from the first to one of the basest and dirtiest Abolitionists in the Union; and the purposes he has lately and all the time avowed are in strict accordance with the character we have attributed to him.

The Whig concludes that if the doctrines of Wilson and Wade are attempted to be carried out by Congress, there will be an end of the Union. As much as it loves and reveres the Union, it would rather see it shivered into a thousand pieces than submit to the degradation which Seward and his wife confederates propose to heap upon the South.

To the above we cannot refrain from adding the following scathing commentary upon the unpatriotic and anti-Southern policy of the Sentinel in defending such men as Wilson and Seward against the charge of Abolitionism. We copy from the Raleigh Star, of the 1st inst:

"The Standard copies the letter of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, to the editor of the American Organ, and says that 'U. S. woodn't hav' hit my thum, Great emblem of mi country.' I regret it is beyond my power

To set u to thou, burd:

But when I think of grate Washington,

And also Napoleon thurd, who

Made one of his tame Egils lie on his

Bed, I comprehend thy Grateness,

myt burd!

Grate Specimen! I hope u wont be mad If i allude to us association with Barnum's sho, consisting of Hens and Roosters, which had the effe to degrade U, o, Egil!

Egil, u are one of Em, and i Hope you will se that Oskar sols

No her on Sabbath daze; but

Being cooped up u cant

Be expected to se, o! Egil.

Mastick Foul!

As the felow citizen i gaze

On u with pride, and only wish

My meos would allow me to lust

Your pine kage open and let u

Sore up in the arc.

THE ISSUE AS IT IS.

The effort that has been and is still being made to convince the people that the present so-called American, but correctly speaking, anti-American movement is separate and distinct from the old Whig party, is one of the most glaring as well as ridiculous absurdities that that desperate conglomeration of isms have ever attempted to palm off upon the American public.—Pretending to discard the great fundamental ideas upon which they have arisen and existed, they now come forward varnished and under a new name, expecting that the people will be unable to detect them in their new guise, the same old enemy against whom they have been so long accustomed to battle. But the ruse will not answer, the mask has been torn off; and they now appear no better by the white washing.—That the present Know-Nothing party is made up with the material from the Whig party, no sane man at all conversant with the order can deny. Now we ask, if this be so, can we give them any credit for honesty or truthfulness, when they were predicting such fatal, such lamentable consequences to the Union if the Democratic party were permitted to get into power? If they believed it then, they must believe it now; for no acknowledgment of error has been made by them; and yet they are willing, not only to permit this ruinous Demo-ratic policy to be continued, but are ready to assist in further ruining the country by placing Democrats in office, provided such Democrats are opposed to Foreigners and Catholics; they are ready to abrogate all their old cherished principles; to declare obsolete the doctrines promulgated by the head and embodiment of whiggery—the idolized, worshipped, and we will say immortal, Clay—to recede from the position that was the only "safe-guard and bulwark," to the perpetuation of the American confederacy, and to unite in cursing the country with a continuation of the same destructive measures that they were so zealously denouncing, because of the danger threatening us from the barbarous foreigner and the deep, dark scheming policy of the Pope and his agents—the Catholics. Can any man who is not wilfully blind, credit the sincerity of a party who professing to believe in the destructive tendency of the political creed of the Democratic party, and the saving influence of Whig measures, are yet willing to forsake the one and adopt the other for the purpose of warding off an imaginary evil of far less magnitude. Are they honest in the professions which they are now making, and do they sincerely entertain the fears and forebodings which they are proclaiming from the house tops? Let us see. The Whig party voted for Gen. Scott. He had recanted his old native American principles, and eulogized the rich Irish brogue, and the sweet German accent. The Catholics were a very innocent and harmless people in his estimation, and no danger was therefore to be apprehended from them. His opinions were endorsed by the votes of the whole Whig party, and his animosity to foreigners flatly contradicted. What has occurred since to render these people so obnoxious? What new danger has been revealed? What gun powder plot has been brought to light, that such an indiscriminate onslaught should now be made upon them? Have they attempted to interfere with the Constitution, laws or institutions of the country?

Have they been found resisting the authorities in the execution of their duty, and purposing the officers of the law? What new light we ask, has burst upon the country revealing the dark designs, secret

conspiracies and diabolical machinations of a secret and foreigner, that their destruction should become the one great idea of a secret and extensive combination? Does any one in his sober senses believe that this sudden conversion is the result of a threatened danger to the Union? No such thing; it is but another trick of the old federal party, the death throes of the gasping whig organization, that, like a dying man, has gathered his strength for a last convulsive effort ere he gives up the struggle forever. Every fact connected with the birth, growth and development of this mischievous baiting proves this, and the foolish and unmeaning cry of danger from foreigners is but a scheme to rebuild the defunct Whig party, and to resuscitate, under a new name, what has been

considered as worthless under an old name.

We say

COURTING IN CONNECTICUT.
'Twas Sunday night in Podunk valley,
In clear, cold, wintry weather,
Jonah Perkins and his Bally.
Set by the fire together.

'Twas no new fashioned in case,
With fancy work adorning,
But a real old-fashioned fine-place,
On purpose made for warming.

The crackling wood in cheerful blaze
Around the room was throwing
Its heat in bright and ruddy rays,
And on their faces glowing.

The apples by the chimney rug
Were slowly getting warmer;
The cider in the pewter mug
Was bubbling in the corner.

A wooden settle firm and good
Their loving forms supporting;
'Twas made of seasoned white pine wood,
And just the thing for courting.

At one end Sally stuck like pitch,
While Josiah seemed to her;
But after a while he gave a hitch,
And got a little nearer.

Sal cast her eyes down—looked quite tame,
Though very sweetly blushing;
While all the blood in Josh's frame
Seemed to his face a-gushing.

He hatched again and got quite near—
He could not then resist her;
He called her own Sally dear,
Then bashfully he kissed her.

'Good gracious!' she gave a start from
him.
Her anger did not smother—
She said, 'If you do that again,
Now, Josh, I'll tell my mother.'

They soon made up, and she came back,
And calmed her agitation:
When last I saw them through the crack
They were kising like tarnation!
Hartford Times.

A WORD FOR YOUNG MEN.

Young man save that penny, pick up
that pin, let that account be correct to a
farthing, find out what that bit of ribbon
costs before you say "you will take it"—
pay that half dime your friend handed
you to make change with, in a word, be
economical, be accurate, know what you
are doing, be honest and then be generous
for all you have or acquire, thus belongs
to you by every rule of right, and you
may put it to any good use. And you will
put it to a good use if you acquire it justly
and honestly, for you have a foundation
a background which will always keep you
above the waves of evil. It is not parsimony
to be economical. It is not miserly
to save a pin from loss. It is not foolish
to be correct in your dealing. It is not
small to know the price of articles you are
about to purchase, or to remember the little
debt you owe. What if you do meet Bill
Pride decked out in a much better suit
than yours, the price of which he has not
yet learned from his tailor, and he laughs
at your faded dress and old fashioned
notions of honesty and right, your day will
come. Franklin, who from a peony saving
boy, walking the streets with a roll under
his arm, became a company for kings,
says:—"Take care of the pennies, and the
dollars will take care of themselves." La-
fayette, the celebrated French banker, leaving
the house to which he had applied for
a clerkship, was not too poor or careless
to pick up a pin. The simple pin laid the
foundation of his immense wealth. The
wise banker saw the act, called him back
and gave him employment, convinced by
this seeming small circumstance of his ability
and honesty. Be just and then be generous.
Yes, be always just and generous.

Benevolence by which you not only benefit
the object, but feel a sensation of joy in
your own soul which is worth more, far
more, than gain. But you may not give
your neighbor's goods. Your own just
earnings you should always share with the
needy, but generosity can never be measured
by the amount you lavish on a fine dress,
or that you may spend with your friends to satisfy the requirements of vanity
and folly. What if they do pat you
on the shoulder? They would do as much
to any dog that would serve them. It is
the service, not yourself, that gets the fat-
tery, or you spend your money for nought,
certainly. Well, let the girls say you are
small, rather than spend the dollar you
need for book. Get the book, if it is a
good one, it will tell you that no girl
worth having ever selected a man for a
husband for his long tail or livery stable
bill, more than his long ears.

CAN BE A GENTLEMAN WHEN HE PLEASES.—One very frequently hears the remark
made, that such, and such a man, "can
be a gentleman when he pleases." Now
when our reader next hears this expression
made use of, let him call to mind the follow-
ing:

"He who 'can be a gentleman when he
pleases,' never pleases to be anything else.
Circumstances may, and do, every day in
life, throw men of cultivated minds and
refined habits into the society of their inferiors;
but while the tact and readiness that
is their especial prerogative, they make
themselves welcome among those with
whom they have few if any sympathies in
common, yet never by accident do they
distinguish from that standard which
makes them gentlemen."

"So, on the other hand, the man of
vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may
simulate, if he be able, the outward habi-
tudes of society, speaking with practised
intonation, and bowing with well-studied
grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in
his thought and feeling, than is the tin-
seled actor who struts the boards the mon-
arch his costume would bespeak him. This
being the 'gentleman' when he likes," is
but the mere performance of the char-
acter. It has all the swell of the stage
and the footlights about it, and never can
for a moment be mistaken by one who
knows the world. A cloak too large can-
not be gaily worn by a small man."

CAN BE A GENTLEMAN WHEN HE PLEASES.—One very frequently hears the remark
made, that such, and such a man, "can
be a gentleman when he pleases." Now
when our reader next hears this expression
made use of, let him call to mind the follow-
ing:

"He who 'can be a gentleman when he
pleases,' never pleases to be anything else.
Circumstances may, and do, every day in
life, throw men of cultivated minds and
refined habits into the society of their inferiors;
but while the tact and readiness that
is their especial prerogative, they make
themselves welcome among those with
whom they have few if any sympathies in
common, yet never by accident do they
distinguish from that standard which
makes them gentlemen."

"So, on the other hand, the man of
vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may
simulate, if he be able, the outward habi-
tudes of society, speaking with practised
intonation, and bowing with well-studied
grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in
his thought and feeling, than is the tin-
seled actor who struts the boards the mon-
arch his costume would bespeak him. This
being the 'gentleman' when he likes," is
but the mere performance of the char-
acter. It has all the swell of the stage
and the footlights about it, and never can
for a moment be mistaken by one who
knows the world. A cloak too large can-
not be gaily worn by a small man."

Strick business man—"Patrick, hereafter
I want you to commence work at five and
quit at seven."

Patrick—"Sure an' wouldn't it be well
if I'd commence in the morning at seven and
leave off at five in the evening?"

UNITED STATES MAIL.

Rate Current Department.

JANUARY 12, 1855.

PROPOSALS for carrying the mails of
the United States from 1st day of July, 1855,
to the 30th day of June, 1859, inclusive, in the
State of NORTH CAROLINA, will be received
at the Contract Office of the Post Office Depart-
ment, in the city of Washington, until 3 p. m.
of 10th April, 1855, (to be despatched by the
20th April, 1855,) on the routes and in the times
herein specified.

NORTH CAROLINA.
Bidders are requested to examine carefully the in-
structions, form of proposals, &c., attached to
this advertisement.

5634 From Williamson, by Flat Swamp and
Bethel, to Greenville, 28 miles and
back, once a week.

Leave Williamson Wednesday at 7 a.m.

Arrive at Greenville Friday at 5 p.m.

5635 From Woodville to Durbin's Neck, 6
miles and back, twice a week.

Leave Woodville Monday and Friday at
10 a.m.

Arrive at Durban's Neck same days by 12 m.

Leave Greenville Friday at 6 a.m.

Arrive at Greenville same day by 5 p.m.

5636 From Greenville, by Ward's Store, to
Hamilton, 30 miles and back, once a
week.

Leave Greenville Friday at 7 a.m.

Arrive at Hamilton same day by 5 p.m.

5637 From Greenville, by Ridge Spring,
Johnson Mills, and Coxville, to Green-
ville, 36 miles and back, once a week.

Leave Hookerstown Thursday at 7 a.m.

Arrive at Greenville same day by 6 p.m.

5638 From Ocracoke, by Hatteras, Cape, and
Kennekook, to Cuckooconic, 20 miles
and back, twice a week.

Bidders will state distance and schedule
of departures and arrivals.

5639 From Head of Bay River to James Potter's,
on Goose Creek Island, miles and
back, once a week.

Bidders will state distance and schedule
of departures and arrivals.

5640 From South Creek to Bay River, 9 miles
and back, twice a week.

Leave Pungo Creek Friday at 8 a.m.

Arrive at Bay River same day by 11 a.m.

Arrive at South Creek same day by 7 a.m.

From Currituck C. H., by Cojock and
Poplar Branch, to Powell's Point, 25
miles and back, once a week.

Leave Currituck C. H. Friday at 12 m.

Arrive at Powell's Point same day by 6
p.m.

5641 From Powell's Point Saturday at 8 a.m.;
Arrive at Edenton Tuesday at 4 a.m.

Leave Currituck C. H. same day by 12
midnight.

Leave Powell's Point Monday at 8 a.m.

Arrive at Roanoke Island same day by 6
p.m.

Leave Roanoke Tuesday at 8 a.m.

Arrive at Powell's Point same day by 6
p.m.

5642 From Powell's Point, by Nagg's Head, to
Roanoke Island, 30 miles and back,
once a week.

Leave Powell's Point Monday at 8 a.m.

Arrive at Roanoke Island same day by 6
p.m.

Leave Roanoke Tuesday at 8 a.m.

Arrive at Powell's Point same day by 6
p.m.

5643 From Pungo Creek to North Creek, 9
miles and back, once a week.

Leave Pungo Creek Thursday at 12 m.

Arrive at North Creek same day by 3 p.m.

Leave North Creek Thursday at 9 a.m.

Arrive at Pungo Creek same day by 12 m.

From Creed's Bridge to Knott's Island, 15
miles and back, once a week.

Leave Creed's Bridge Monday at 7 a.m.

Arrive at Knott's Island Monday at 12 m.

Arrive at Creed's Bridge same day by 7 a.m.

Arrive at Elizabeth City, by Camden, Shiloh,
Indian-town, Sligo, Currituck C. H.,
Greenvale, Tull's Creek, North West
River Bridge, Va., Hickory Ground, and
Great Bridge, 70 miles and back, once a
week.

Leave Elizabeth City Wednesday at 5 a.m.

Arrive at Norfolk next day at 12 m.

Arrive at Elizabeth City next day by 8 a.m.

5644 From Nixonton, by Newlton Creek, to
Elizabeth City, 15 miles and back, three
times a week.

Leave Nixonton Monday, Wednesday,
and Friday at 8 a.m.

Arrive at Elizabeth City same days by 12 m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

From Middlesex to Cape Hatteras, 30 miles
and back, once a week.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.

Arrive at Middlesex Sunday at 6 p.m.

Leave Middlesex Saturday at 1 p.m.</p